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Hon with trains for Danbury.

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Shepaug Railroad.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS, commencing December 3, 1877.

December 3, 1817.

Connecting Frains Leane Newtown at 10,67 a. m.
Connect at flawley-rile at 11.10 a. m. Arrive at
Littchfeld 2.15 p. 15.

Krimsteps an additional Connection is made
with Irain passing Newtown at 7.25 p. m., with
Train arriving at Litchfeld at 10.00 p. m.

Leane Litchfeld at 3.00 p. m., arriving at Hawley-rile at 6.15 p. m. Connect for Newtown at 7.05
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POETRY.

TO LIVE TOO LONG.

It is sad to lie down in the cold, cold grave, When the mind is strong, and the heart is brave It is sad to leave all that is lovely and fair And go to the tomb, to be mouldering there. But oh! if 'tis bitter to leave the world's throng It is sadder, far sadder, to live too long.

To see all that once we had doted upon Before us to rest and to happiness gone, And to stand, like a wither'd eak, blighted and

The sole true that survives the mad hurrican O talk not of life, earth's bright dwellings

For nothing can soothe him who lives too long. To know that the once echolog trampet of Fam Shall never more mention that valueless name To know that none care for his bliss or his doom O rather I'd ask the cold rest of the tomb. When glory has died, and the spirit of song Has vanished, 'tis bitter to live too long.

And I would lie down in my deep repose Ere my bosom no longer with poesy glows; And I would arise to the mansions on high, Ere the thoughts that now live in my spirit sh

Ere the moments have fled, that to manhoood And I feel that 'tis bitter to live too long,

A Woman's Scheme.

On the morning of the 17th of February considerable excitement was created by the discovery of the dead body of a man floating in the Seine, at no great distance from the Pont Neuf.

On its removal to the Morgue for identification, it was concluded by the surgeons in charge that it had been in the water for a period of not less than four weeks, and that the perfect state in which it was found was attributed to the coldness of the weather.

An examination revealed a single abrasion over the left temple, as though made by some heavy, blunt instrument, Otherwise, there were no marks of violence discovered.

The apparrel of the dead man, which was of a fine quality, indicated he was not a Parisian, from the cast of his handsome and refined countenance, and the cut of his beard it was inferred he was an Italian gentleman-possibly of noble blood.

Beyond a small sum of money, and a single letter found in his pockets, there was nothing which could lead to his identification.

The letter was addressed to "Manrico Zanone, Tavistock Hotel, London," and was written by a banker in the city of Dablin, stating that the exact amount of money to the credit of M. Zanone was the sum of £15,000 10s. 6d. It was dated on the 12th of September, 1865, and

signed "P. Goeff & Sons." After exposing the body for the usual time for indentification, and no one claiming it, it was buried at public ex-

pense, and in a few days was forgotten. The Prefect of Police placed in my hands the letter found on his body, and desired me to investigate the matter.

Aside from the letter, there was no clue that would enable me to unravel the mystery. His name, rank, station, and death were alike shrouded in profound obscurity. The letter, then, was my only chance of perpetrating it. I wrote to P. Goeff & Sons. In du

senson the answer came. It was brief. It merely stated that M. Zanone, an Italian gentleman, bad been a depositor in their bank, but on the 29th of January, 1866, according to their books, the balance was withdrawn by M. Zanone, and at his written direction from Paris, a draft on M. Godeau, of No. 20 Rue Rivoli, was forwarded to his address in Paris, Rue Rampart, No. 100, and that the draft had subsequently been cashed by M. Godeau. They knew nothing of their depositor's subsequent history.

I next called upon M. Godeau. He produced his books. The draft had been paid on the 3d of February, 1866, and M. Zanone had been properly iden tified.

Then I called on the landlord of M Zanone, in the Rue Rampart. M. Zanone had given up his apartments on the 3d of February, 1866, stating that he was summoned suddenly away on important business. He had engaged his apartments on the morning of the 21st of January, and had paid one month in advance. He was reported as very re-tired, saw no company, and rarely went out, his meals being served from a neigh-

boring restaurant.

Telegrams were sent to various cities in Italy, with particulars of the deceased but nothing could be obtained from that

There the chase stopped. If I pursued the object much further I was left qualded to grope in the dark.

Deadler

Had it not been for one fact I should

have abandoned, in the press of other business, the matter at once. That one fact, which told me in the imperative voice of duty to bring every faculty into play, and solve the fate of Zanone, was his possession of the enormous sum of £15,000.

What has become of it? was the question which occurred to me a thousand

times a day. There, as unmistakably as the letters of fire on the wall, was the clue, the only clue now left me.

I must find what became of the money. Once more I reviewed the facts. Unfortunately the same hand had traced the letter from Paris. I had hoped to have found it a forgery. Again the light had left me, and I was feebly groping

in the dark. Theu I called to my aid two experts in the art of penmanship, These letters were placed before them. Every characteristic of the earlier letters agreed with the letter from Paris. The experts pronounced the chiregraphy that of the same person.

I was completely baffled. From Dublin, Zanone had gone to

London. From London, therefore, he must have gone to Paris. Accordingly, I resolved to return to Paris by the way of London.

Was ever a case shrouded in more complete and impenetrable mystery? Could I, with an experience of twenty years, discover the circumstances of the man's death ?

Again the voice of reason bade me to look for the £15,000. Find what became of the money, and I had solved the prob-

I was about retiring for the night, when a ray of light broke through my brain. I consulted my time-table. There was

ing whirled through the environs of Paris, on my way to Dublin. I would examine the letter which requested Messrs. Goeff & Sons to forward

yet time. In twenty minutes I was be-

the money to Paris. Two days later I was seated in the banker's office, with the letter before me. Two other letters, written by the deceased-one from Londonderry, another from Bellast, relative to trivial matters-were child-like in the dark. I recled like a also placed before me. The letters were drunken man as the truth broke upon written a few days after the deposit had me. Victory at fast!

been made. An Italian stranger arrives in Dublin, from whence is not known. He deposits a large sam of money with a reputable banker. After a while he leaves Dublin, and is next heard of in London from whence he writes a letter of inquiry to his banker in Dublin, and speaks of shortly going to Paris, and in due season is heard from in Paris, where he lodges in the Rue Rampart. At his written direction, his banker in Dublin remlis to him an enormous sum of mon ey. On the 3d of February, after proper dentification, he receives the money from a prominent banker in Paris: the rame day he leaves his apartment, saying that he is suddenly summoned away without stating whence. Fourteen days afterward his body is discovered floating in the Seine, with a few francs in his pocket and the marks of a blow over the

left temple. Through channels known best to the profession, I traced my man to the Tavistock Hotel in Covent Garden. It was near the Haymarket-the place where the night-side of nature luxuriates -- the haupts of brazen women and bold, bad men; where wild revelry and mad orgies rule the midnight hour; where treacherous sirens weave their fafal webs ; where the wild red wine gurgles o'er the goblet; where eyes shine brightest, and unholy

passion rears its hydra head. I began to weaken in my work when I discovered that Zanone had plunged into this vortex of dissipation. I don't know why, but I take a keener interest in my work when it leads me into better scenes. However, a detective can't afford to spend his time moralizing.

A few judicious inquiries put me in ossession of the fact that Zanone had ecome fascinated with a beautiful English girl not unknown to the police on ecount of her utter recklessness.

Had I at last struck the trail of this labyrinth of vice which would lead to the solution of the mystery? Once more the voice of reason whispered the an-

The woman and the money were linked inseperably together. Inch by inch I traced her with her victim. Step by step I followed them—he to the destruction which was inevitable, she to the consummation of this most bloody deed! They left London together. On the evening of January 20th, 1936, they arrived in Paris.

Before leaving the depot I examined my notes. "On the 21st of January Zanone, alone, had engaged apartments in the Rue Racipart. His landlord said he seldom went out-saw no company."

I was dumbfounded. The woman then,dropped from the drams that night. My theories and my conclusions, then, were false. I was bewildered. The mystery thickened.

The mists of doubt and uncertainty arose about me, and left me idly and hopelessly speculating upon the new phase that now presented itself. I had been confident that through the woman I would track the victim. I had felt that I was on the verge of discovery—when lo! the woman disappears. I'll confess that I felt that I had got my match in Elise Cameron. I knew something of a woman's cunning. Therefore I determined to proceed to my apartments, dismiss the matter from my mind for the night, and enjoy a comfortable evening and a refreshing sleep before I proceed

ed further. Chance led the my footsteps through Rue Rampart. I passed the door of No. 100, where Zanone had lodged. Without exactly knowing why I entered and inquired for Monsieur Saboriu, the landlord. His wife answered:

"Monsieur will be in directly." Madame was but thirty, her eyes were bright; she was faultlessly formed; her smile was sweet and very encouraging. I determined to chat with her until monsicur returned. I felt that I must make an excuse of some kind, so I inquired if she remembered M. Zanone, who had lodged with her.

Madame blushed very red, and dropped her eyes. Presently she said she did, and that monsieur was a very handsome young man-"so quiet and so

be speaking of Zanone, for he was at least forty years of age; so I added that I referred to M. Zanone, the Italian gentleman, who had departed so suddenly. Madame once more dropped her eyes

I perceived at once that she could not

"I know M. Zanone; but you are wrong-he was a very young gentle-Light at last ! before the rays of which the mists of doubt and uncertainty rolled

as she returned :

It was as clear as the noon-day sun.

silently away. I groped no longer,

The voice of reason was right. The woman and the money were linked inseperably together. Cunning as her plot was, deep as her scheme was laid, subtle as was her devilish work, carefully as the detail was car-

ried out, the London courtesan was un

masked, and I comprehended the whole tragedy. It was she, Elise Cameron, who had personated Manrico Zanone, at No. 100 Rue Rampart ; it was she who had written the letter directing the £15,000 to be forwarded to Paris; it was she who had drawn the money from M. Godeau, in

the Rue Rivoli. And once more the voice of reason cried aloud. It was she who had caused the death of the Italian. They had ar rived together in Paris on the night of January 20th. On the 21st she had assumed the character of Zanone, and engaged the apartments in the Rue Ram

Where, then, was Zanone? Futile question. The unknown Italian, with crushed skull, was lying stark and dead beneath the waters of the Seine, on the morning of the 21st, when the London courtesan disappeared and emerged again in the character of the murdered

That night the London police were scouring London to find Elise Cameron ; before morning the telegraph informed me that after parting with Zanone she had not re-appeared in London. noon next day I had tracked her, in spite of her artful disguise, to Havre, and there I learned that on the eve of the 6th of of February, 1866, she had taken passage in the Ville de Paris, still in male attire, for New York, in company with a lover from London. Once there, she cast aside her disguise, and emerged

once more as the fascinating woman. After months of patient labor, she was apprehended in Philadelphia, and taken back to Paris to stand her trial for murder. As we were unable to prove that she struck the blow which caused the death of Zunone, she was convicted of forging the letter to the Dublin bankers, and was sentenced to imprisonment for twenty-one years, the highest penulty for the offense under the laws of France. -The Leader, San Francisco.

A Trap for Brigands.

HOW A BAND WAS WIPED OUT.

The Vardarelli band, so called from their cheif and his brothers, had for more than two years committed great depredations in Apulia,in Southern Italy until at length they were allowed to form a regular corps, still commanded by the same leader, who received a monthly salary, and engaged to secure the provinces which he had so long ravaged from all similar attacks in future. In 1818, the remains of this band presented themselves to the general commanding at Foggia, and had an alterca-

tion with him. The general finally commanded the two leaders to repair to his own apartment to speak to them; this they objected to do without their arms, which they declared they would never part from ; and it is supposed that the language they made use of in the course of their argument so exasperated the officer, that he roughly pushed one of them back, who was using threatening gestures, on which the other fired his musket at him, but having missed his mark, was shot dead on the spot by the sentry at the gate; this was the signal for an attack from his companions, that was immediately answered by a round of musketry from the troops who were drawn out close to them, which killed several, and spread consternation among the crowds of townspeople who had assembled on the spot. Four of the band who had presence of mind to spring upon their horses escaped in different directions out of the town, though follow-

ed by cavalry, and fired at as they fled. Another portion were made prisoners : but a third division sought security in a cellar, the first place of refuge which offered itself, and which, having one very low entrance, afforded them a defensible asylum for some time; the depth and darkness of this receptacle made it difficult to attack them with success, for they killed a soldier and wounded several others who veutured too near the aperture. Of this last desperate set, four, however, gave themselves up, and made known the number that remained. In order to bring to as speedy a termination as possible, the dismay and agitation which this event has spread throughout the city, two of those who had been last taken were sent into their companions with their hands tied to persuade them to surrender, and to inform them that if they persevered in a resistance which, from the local nature of the retreat must be unavailing, a straw fire would be lighted at the orifice as the only means of hastening their compliance or destruction.

The unfortunate men never returned. and no answer being given, this threat was put into actual execution, and the aperture blocked up with stones. Imagination pictures their situation as most horrible; but its terrors were eluded by the last resource of despair. Two hours after the cellar was entered without opposition, and their lifeless bodies covered with wounds indicated the death they had received at each other's hands.

On Skates.

HOW TO TEACH A YOUNG LADY THE ART OF SKATING.

You pick her up limp and lifeless as a sack of meal, after buckling on the skates which she declares are too large for her, and she stands alone with great exertion, bobbing this way and that, clutching at every form which comes near. Then she asks. "What must I do now ?" "Strike out," say you, "like this."

part of the pond which is unsafe henceforth. Then you go back and lift her again, and she laughs and wants to know if she looks awkward, and you say,"No" and she says she is sure they are loose, and you kneel down and she clutches you by the bair and succeeds in standing with that aid. She laughs all the time, and when you let go begins to bob again and down the goes. This time she says,

And she strikes out, and there is one

"Oh !" and after that each time she says 'ouch" a little louder yet. Then she asks you to just say whether you think she could learn, and you say yes, and she tries and falls again. Then she looks up and don't laugh any more, but asks the time. You give it and she discovers that she ought to have gone long ago. As she leaves the pond she says she never could learn, and it gives her a pain in the side to try, and as she goes home the druggist sells arnica-for her side-in large quantities. That's about the way it goes - Rene, No.,

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